

The Globe Boy's Greeting

1915

CHRISTMAS

'Tis Christmas—feast of new-born
joys,
When children at their mother's
knee
Learn with delight how Santa
Claus
Comes in the dead of night with
toys,
And down the chimney nimbly
creeps,
To fill each gaping stocking near,
While church bells break upon the
morn :
"Peace upon earth, good-will to
men."

The thund'ring guns disturb my
dreams,
But cannot still the peace within,
Nor drown the note of victory
That swells in fearless British
hearts.

And so to you all Christmas joys,
And happy years to thee and thine.

—Globe Carrier Boy.



on
30436

RB175,806